Falſ. You rogue, heere's lime in this ſacke too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man, yet a cowarde is worſe then a cup of ſacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am *I* a ſhotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God help the while, a bad world *I* ſay, *I* would *I* were a weauer, *I* could ſing pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, *I* ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now, Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A kings ſonne: if *I* doe not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy ſubiects afore thee like a flock of wilde geeſe, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horeſon round-man, what's the matter?

Falſ. Are you not a cowarde? anſwere me to that, and Poynes there.

Poin. Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me cowarde, by the Lord, ile ſtab thee.

Falſ. *I* call thee cowarde? ile ſee thee damnde ere *I* call thee coward, but *I* would giue a thouſand pound *I* coulde runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of ſacke. I am a rogue if *I* drunke to day.

Prin. O villain, thy lips are ſcarſe wip't ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Falſ. All is one for that. *He drinketh.*
A plague of all cowards, ſtill ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Falſ. What's the matter? there be foure of vs here haue tane a thouſand pound this day morning.

Prin. Where is it, Iacke, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falſ. I am a rogue, if *I* were not at halfe ſword, with a douzen of them two houres together. I haue ſcap't by myracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, foure through the hoſe, my

my buckler cut through and through, my ſworde hack't like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man: would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpeake, if they ſpeake more or leſſe then trueth, they are villains, and the ſons of darkeneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſs. We foure ſet vpon ſome douzen.

Fal. Sixeteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, and Ebrew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? *I* know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, *I* am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde Iacke, then am *I* no two legged creature.

Prin. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for, *I* haue pepper'd two of them. Two *I* am ſure *I* haue paied, two rogues in buckrom ſutes: *I* tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face; call me horſe. thou knoweſt my olde warde: here *I* lay, and thus *I* bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſay'd'ſt but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure, Hal, *I* told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid, foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, and mainely thruſt at me. I made me no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poynes. I, foure, in Buckrom ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe hilts, or *I* am a villaine elſe.

Prince. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Fal. Doeſt thou heare me, Hal?

Prince.